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at Rome, was constantly frequented by a youth just entering manhood, named Donatello Count de Monte-Beni. Kenyon could conceive of no one more amiable than this young Italian, who, nevertheless, was endowed with no great beauty nor great intellectual gifts, and whose education seemed in certain respects to have been deplorably neglected. As soon as he appears, the studio is *en fête*, all hearts expand, and the beautiful Miriam, a young English girl with whom he is in love, strives to entertain him with the most amusing pleasantries. The charm of his personality is due to his perfect candor and to the profound moral security which his ignorance of evil permits. Nothing occurs to destroy the equilibrium of his nature; ignorant of shame, he ignores human respect and gives himself up in the midst of Roman society to impulses of inoffensive gaiety with no more thought than a young hare in the alleys of a park or a young deer in the shades of its native forest. He is, in every sense of the expression, a child of nature, a young antique wood ranger, and so much so that through the habit of so regarding him, his friend in the studio had at length come to detect a certain resemblance to the Faun of Praxiteles. 'Approach, young companion of Pan,' said Miriam to him one day, 'in order that we may know if you have the furry ears of your brothers and cousins of the forests.' Now, strange to say, Donatello had pointed ears and slightly furred. The sculptor Kenyon had repeatedly expressed a desire to model his bust; but before he could accomplish his purpose the opportunity passed away. The existence of fauns is short in these days, even in Italy, the country of their predilection; they soon lose, in our complicated societies, their good nature and their naïve simplicity. A few days had scarcely elapsed since Miriam had verified the marks of Donatello's consanguinity with the rural divinities, when, through love of her, he committed a crime. A personage of an equivocal character, whom the author leaves in a veil of mystery, and whose secret motives he does not care to explain, pursues Miriam with an assiduity as importunate and threatening as if prompted by remorse and vengeance. Upon a look of Miriam, Donatello causes him to suffer the punishment of antiquity by precipitating him from the summit of the Tarpeian Rock. As soon as the act is accomplished, the Faun nature begins to disappear; the germs of a new man are planted in him by crime, and they gradually develop. The aspects of the joyous creature in whom the lost innocence and simplicity of the primitive age had revived were gone forever. When the sculptor Kenyon modelled his bust, he was struck with terror before the image he reproduced so faithfully. With moral anguish the face had lost its repose; in place of the thoughtless physiognomy of a joyous youth, his fingers had molded the energetic countenance of a corrupted man."

Literary Record.

WOODS AND WATERS; OR, THE SARANACS AND RACKET. (Illustrated.)
By Alfred B. Street. M. Doolady, New York.

Here we have the history, and an entertaining one it is, of how a party of gentlemen, calling themselves the Saranac Club, spent the summer in that wild region of New York State called the Adirondacks. In this vast region the solitude of nature has been intruded upon only by the trapper and sportsman. So delightful a companion as Mr. Street could not fail to give us an instructive description of the topography of the country, its lakes, the fish with which they abound, and the animals that

roam the forest and invite the sportsman. What we most admire in this volume is Mr. Street's intense appreciation of scenery, and the enthusiasm with which he enters into the wild sports peculiar to the regions he describes. According to him, there is more real enjoyment, more that refines and vigorates the intellect, to be found in the heart of the forest than at our fashionable watering places. And it is to be had at a much less cost, to say nothing of wear and tear of character. How they camped, what they did at morning and evening, how they hunted, how they cooked their venison, what adventures they had with bears, and what strange habits the creatures of the forest have, are all related with a free and flowing style, and bear testimony of the author's genial heart. If Mr. Street fails at all, it is when he rushes at sentiment. But even then he is entertaining. When he tells us how he sported with the finny tribes, and what delicious breakfasts they afforded his party, he excites our envy. We have rarely met so pleasant a companion as this book, which will do to read anywhere and in any weather—in spite of the engravings.

THE POEMS OF GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS. (In blue and gold.)
Charles Scribner, New York.

We little thought that the gallant general, the hero of so many victories, would have got into a livery of blue and gold. With his songs, not his sword, has our gallant General won all his victories, and they have been over the hearts of the people, who love him for the sweetness and tenderness of his strains. He is our Campbell, and his songs have touched their hearts, and softened them with harmony. We wanted just such a volume of his poems. Our sons and daughters can now treasure it in remembrance of one who has done much to elevate and refine the social and intellectual relations of life.

MOUNT VERNON PAPERS. By Edward Everett. New York, D. Appleton & Company.

These papers, so instructive and full of useful information, first appeared in the New York Ledger, and were classed by several cunning critics, who entertain very large opinions of themselves and very small ones of others, as "Ledger Literature." There are some men in the world who know so much that they are jealous lest others get a little of it, and are always ready to quarrel with those who act up to the dictates of their own conscience in doing good. This narrow spirit has been manifested toward Mr. Everett in an unusual degree. Fault is found with Mr. Everett for the simplicity of his style, and because he did not sandwich his sentences with Latin and Greek. Fault is found with him because in doing a laudable act, he chose the *Ledger* for a vehicle, and condescended to make himself understood by the masses. Fortunately this is a free country, and the people are the best judges of what they most need to improve their social and intellectual condition. In these papers Mr. Everett addresses himself to the common understanding, and instead of being censured for the skill of his workmanship, deserves praise for the goodness of his motive. The amount of useful instruction contained in these papers will prove their strongest protection against the attacks that have been made upon them.

NEMESIS. (A Novel.) By Marion Harland. Derby & Jackson, New York.

We have here a novel with the plot exceedingly well constructed, and developed with considerable ingenuity. Many of the characters, too, are well drawn. But they are for the most part either knaves, intent on crushing the poor, or proud, un-

compromising dames who are either totally devoid of human sympathy, or seek revenge for imaginary wrongs by means not common in ordinary life. We fear that the author's sympathy with the poor has led her at times to overlook the natural laws by which human nature is more or less governed. Most of her leading characters are extraordinary people, who have a way of doing things very different from ordinary mortals. In fact, there is too much of the "sternly virtuous" in all her poor people; and not enough of light and shade to relieve a certain monotony that pervades the volume.

Bessy Hale, the best drawn character of the story, is what may be called the chief heroine. A woman of fine natural talents, and fair beyond comparison; Bessy is a New England woman, who, with her husband, Mark Hale, settled in a rural district of Virginia, on the estate of Ben Lomond, the laird of which was a close-handed Scot, whose family were excessively proud, selfish, and ever fond of boasting of their ancestry. Hale was only a shoemaker, a very common person in Virginia, it seems, although Bessy considered herself quite as good as the best of white folks to be found in the neighborhood. The Hales have a bright, intelligent little girl named Kitty, of whom Malcolm Argyle (for that is the name of the family at Ben Lomond) is very fond. Various accidents occur to Malcolm, all of which result in attaching him more strongly to the family of the poor man Hale. This creates jealousy and family bickerings. Miss Elenor, sister of Malcolm, and ruling female spirit of Ben Lomond, seeks in various ways to prejudice her brother against the Hales. Failing in this, she succeeds in getting Malcolm sent to Europe, in the hope that he will forget them altogether.

At present the chief performers in the play are Miss Elenor, Sancroft (the agent of the Argyles, and an oily-tongued villain), old Aunt Barbara, the Seldens, a Mr. Moreau, and the Hales. Hale finds shoemaking in the rural districts of Virginia a very unprofitable business, and after suffering intense poverty, dies in jail, where he was carted on a sick-bed, in satisfaction of the quarter's rent he was unable to pay. Bessy Hale feels that he has been murdered, and that Miss Elenor, Mr. Moreau and Sancroft were the cause of it—that the persecution he has undergone was to get rid of her. Hence, she resolves to have revenge, though the "Mills of the Gods grind slowly." In this novel, a peculiar feature is that everything happens just in the nick of time. A few generous hearted gentlemen make up a purse for Bessy, and she finds her way into the inhospitable regions of North Carolina, where she has a brother living, a Yankee, married to a southern widow of some means and considerable business tact. Here, again, Bessy endures great hardships, but her solicitude for little Kitty makes her bear it all with Christian resignation.

About this time there comes along a portly English traveller, a gentleman of wealth and generous heart. He is taken sick at the house of Mrs. Bryan, for she keeps an inn, and Bessy is his nurse. She is unremitting in her attentions, and he is saved only by her care and skillful nursing. The upshot of this is that he returns, makes her his wife, adopts her child Kitty, and departs with them for Europe. Twelve years have elapsed, and various are the changes that have taken place in and around Ben Lomond. The laird is dead; Malcolm, returned from Europe, a changed man, reigns in his stead. Elenor has married Mr. Moreau, who has turned out a gambler and a drunkard. Light has been shed upon some of Sancroft's rascalities, and Malcolm has been discarded by Marcia Selden, to whom he was engaged. This produces a strange effect on his nature, and his dislike of his relatives seems to increase.

There now appears at "Briarwood," near the estate of Ben Lomond, a gentleman of the name of Col. Rashleigh, his lady, and their beautiful daughter Katherine, a girl of exquisite beauty, and seventeen. The Rashleighs are English, wealthy, and have all the reserve peculiar to the refined of their nation. Sancroft is also the agent for Briarwood, and there is a younger Sancroft, who has studied law, and makes love to Katherine, who, however, considers him an impertinent young man, whom she tolerates as a matter of politeness. Malcolm becomes desperately in love with Katherine, and she reciprocates his love without his knowing it. Here follows sentiment, plotting and counterplotting. The vision of the Hales is always before Malcolm, but all his efforts to get a clue to their whereabouts has failed. He thinks he sees the image of his Kitty in Katherine, and some trifling disclosures she makes excites his curiosity and strengthens the belief.

Katherine's mind is suddenly prejudiced against Malcolm by the receipt, or rather the discovery, of a letter purporting to have been written by him, where he is made to say that he will marry her but does not love her. On the strength of this, and without disclosing the real cause, she rejects the offer he has summoned courage enough to make. Heart-sick and disappointed, he seeks relief in a journey into the far south. Here developments of an interesting and exciting nature come thick and fast. Mrs. Rashleigh and Katherine, to the chagrin of Elenor and her husband, the miserable man Moreau, turn out to be none other than Bessy Hale and the once little Kitty. Sancroft is discovered in collusion with Moreau to defraud Col. Rashleigh. The plot thickens, and the reader is excited to know how the author is to get her villains out of the dilemma without violating poetic rules. Katherine, repenting for her precipitate refusal of Malcolm, has been sick of a fever, given over by the doctors, and only saved by the careful nursing of Aunt Barbara. A change of air has been ordered, and a journey projected to Cuba. They have already reached Richmond. Moreau, who is a nephew of Col. Rashleigh, and Elenor, accompany them. To cap the climax, Moreau falls in with his old gambling associates, and in a moment of desperation forges the name of Col. Rashleigh to a check, and is discovered. Bessy Hale that was, has already had her revenge of Elenor and Moreau; but what are to be the consequences of this last discovery? A party is made up in honor of Katherine, and they visit the Richmond theatre. Her father accompanies her, and she is surrounded by a brilliant assembly of friends. Moreau, the younger Sancroft, and their gambler friend are seen in the upper boxes. During the performance the alarm of fire is raised, shriek after shriek fills the house with alarm, the audience becomes panic-stricken, and rushes wildly in the wrong direction, trampling down the weak, and crushing the dead and dying into a shapeless mass. At the first alarm, Malcolm suddenly and unexpectedly appeared at the side of Katherine, clasped her in his arms, sprang with her into the pit, and by superhuman efforts and good judgment, rescued her from the furnace of death. The rest of the party are never heard of, and it is safe to infer that they became victims to the flames. For what follows we must refer our readers to the book itself. Burning up characters is at least a novel if not a very ingenious way of getting them out of a dilemma. We recommend this method to all young aspirants for literary fame.

The well compiled catalogue of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. commends itself to lovers of literature. They will find untold mental treasures indicated therein.